Play It Again by brokenpromisesandhope

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Summary:

Nancy and El are besties.

Play It Again

Author's Note:

> What's the point of having back up fics if you never post them? The world may never know.
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Nancy's a simple girl, she is. El likes that. It's easy. When she's with Nancy, she doesn't feel like she has to be someone she's not. No matter how sweet Hopper was, or how much time she spent with Will or Mike, it was nothing compared to some good old fashioned girl time. Joyce joined them a lot, but she had to work, and El was sure she had told Nancy to keep an eye on her. But Holly was too young for Nancy to share her makeup and secrets with.

El was the perfect age. While Nancy wasn't telling her everything, El liked the company, and it's not like she was telling Nancy everything either. They rarely talked about their boyfriends, that seemed to be too weird. Mike being Nancy's younger brother and Jonathan being like a brother.

But she loves it. Nancy is the big sister she'd never had. Suddenly she's painting her nails twice a week, wearing all of Nancy's hand me downs, and listening to the last ten years of music that Nancy deems acceptable.

So they're sitting in El's room, laying on her bed, blasting 'Play it Again' by Luke Bryan, flipping through magazines. El had wanted to do a juice diet she'd seen in a magazine and Nancy was on Pintrest looking for healthy alternatives, because consuming nothing but fruits for an extended period of time seemed extremely unhealthy.

Luke Bryan was El's favorite and she's singing along obnoxiously, when suddenly the door swings open, and there's Hopper with his hands on his hips,

"What are you listening to?" he demands.

“Just some music,” El says, looking up.

“This sounds horrible! Nancy why are you letting her listen to this?!”

Nancy looks up,
“What’s inappropriate about this?” she asks over the loud crooning.

Hopper sputters,
“This!”

Soon as I sat down I was falling in love, trying to pour a little sugar in her dixie cup..

Nancy laughs,
“That’s not bad!”

Hopper shakes his head, face turning red,
“What does it mean?”

“Well shit, I don’t know!”

“It sounds sexual!”

“It sounds like garbage,” Jonathan says, walking in the door, loosening the tie from his work uniform.

“You’re so pretentious,” Nancy says, rolling her eyes, even as Jonathan leans down to kiss her.

“I like it!” El says loudly standing up, singing the lyrics perfectly.

She jumps around on the bed, singing loudly, dancing around, and finally Nancy jumps up beside her, singing along,

“Oh my god, this is my song, I’ve been listening to the radio all night long, sitting ‘round waiting for it to come on, and here it is, she was like come here boy, I wanna dance,”

Nancy holds out a hand for Jonathan but he shakes his head in embarrassment but El just grabs her hand and twirls and Nancy laughs. Hopper shakes his head, he supposes there is worse that she could be listening to, and Jonathan folds his arms over his chest,

“Can I steal my girlfriend while she still has that title?”

Nancy laughs and flips him off and El flops down on the bed, pigtails bouncing. Nancy follows suit, her own lopsided pigtails flopping,

“I dunno, El, you think you can manage without me for awhile?”

El nudges her,

“I dunno, do you think you can manage without me for awhile?”

Nancy hums,
“Um… no. But, I guess since he’s my boyfriend I have to.”

El rolls her eyes and they both deadpan,
“Men.”

Nancy laughs and follows Jonathan out of the room, still laughing,

“You’re good for her,” Jonathan says, wiping a smudge of lipstick off her chin from where the line is wobbly.

Nancy stills his hand,
“She’s good for me too.”